PLUCKY PITCHING.

Vedder Sitton's Feat That Landed a Championship Pennant.

In the greatest finish that ever marked a minor league race New Orleans and Nashville, Southern league contenders, had come to the wire neck and neck. On Sept. 19, 1908, they met in the final and decisive game of the year upon exactly even terms. The entire fighting of the past five months had centered in that lone contest, five months packed into two hours of play, with the result to tell the story of the year's success or failure. Manager Frank of New Orleans, unwilling to run any needless risk, selected the veteran Theodore Breitenstein of St. Louis and Cincinnati fame to battle for his people in the box. Manager Bernhard of Nashville, passing by his veterans, selected young Vedder Sitton, an ex-collegian, to face the $10,000 wonder of another day.

For six innings so perfect was the defensive play of both nines that neither team was able to score. In the seventh inning Nashville scored one run, and in the play involved young Sitton slid headforemost into the plate and fell over unconscious from the blow received just above the eyes. With the situation as tightly drawn as it was, disaster looked to be imminent. Bernhard immediately rushed his entire remaining staff back of the clubhouse to be ready for the call, while two physicians worked above the unconscious Sitton. He came to life again just as the Nashville team was taking the field for the eighth inning with another in his place.

Staggering to his feet, Sitton insisted upon finishing the contest, and Bernhard, against his better judgment, gave way. The heavy batting end of the New Orleans team was up in order. With bandaged head, his face still white and drawn from the shock, in no condition to stand, still less to lead a desperate charge, Sitton electrified the crowd by striking out two of the first three men that faced him. In the ninth he added two more victims to the list in bringing home the victory by the score of 1 to 0, winning the pennant by the margin of one point. And then he collapsed. It was over two weeks before he recovered sufficiently to be up and about, and yet New Orleans batsmen relate that in those last two innings he had shown more "stuff" by a wide margin than at any other stage of the battle.—American Magazine.

First American Letter Box.

A little more than a half century ago the letter box was unknown. The inventor was Joseph William Briggs, nephew of a former governor of Massachusetts, who, as head clerk in the Cleveland postoffice, studied the needs of patrons and after correspondence with Postmaster General Dennison upon the subject took a train for Washington, bearing a pasteboard model of the letter box under his arm. The postmaster general saw the merits of the plan and appointed Mr. Briggs as special agent to establish the letter box and letter carrier system. The first letter box was attached by clamps to a lamppost that stood in front of a Cleveland drug store, and not a year had passed before fifty-two different cities had adopted the system.—National Magazine.

Where Miners Lose Their Nerve.

Men accustomed to working in mines cannot stand great heights. It is almost an invariable rule that a miner will get dizzy and uneasy if you take him to a high place, such as a monument or the top of a house, and will try to get back to earth as soon as possible. And yet he can stand underground on the edge of a 500 foot shaft, look down into the black abyss and never feel a tremor. He can climb up the face of a shaft, knowing that there is a straight drop of a thousand feet under him, and feel perfectly at home.—Popular Magazine.

Scanty Ammunition.

Colonel Stark's regiment just prior to the battle of Bunker Hill was quartered at Milford, some four miles distant, and was destitute of ammunition. About 10 o'clock on the morning he received orders to march, however, each man received a gill cupful of powder, fifteen balls and one flint. As the muskets were of varying caliber it was necessary to reduce the size of the balls for many of them.—Magazine of American History.

About the Size of It.

"Why is it," queried the youth, "that so many people fail to mind their own business?"

"There may be one of two reasons, or both," answered the home grown philosopher. "They may have no mind or no business."—Philadelphia Press.

The Forbidden.

A sailor had just shown a lady over the ship. In thanking him she said:

"I am so sorry to see by the rules that tips are forbidden on your ship."

"Bless you, ma'am," replied the sailor, "so were apples in the Garden of Eden."—London Telegraph.

Easier.

"If I buy you a seat in the Stock Exchange will you agree to go to work?"

"I ain't crazy for work, dad. Make it a seat in the senate."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Art Versus Nature.

"How came she to get such a sudden craze on to visit the beauty doctors?"

"She wants to look like her photograph."—Houston Post.

The desires and longings of man are vast as eternity, and they point him to it.—Edwards.

AIR CURRENTS.

The Forces That Operate to Make the Wind Blow.

In reference to air currents and the reason why the wind blows the astronomer royal of England explains that air consists of gaseous particles, all trying to get away from one another, and that under certain conditions they can be compelled to come closer together by contraction or forced to fly further apart by expansion. A quart bottle, for example, holds twenty-two grains of air at the temperature of 70 degrees. If the bottle be cooled by surrounding it with ice the air inside contracts. When this occurs more air rushes in through the bottle's neck. The quart of air now weighs more than twenty-two grains. If the bottle be heated the air it contains expands, its tiny particles fly further asunder, and many of them escape from the bottle altogether. There is still a quart of air, but it weighs much less than the original twenty-two grains.

Now, consider the earth and the sea under the influence of varying degrees of the sun's heat. Where the heat is greatest the air is made lighter and expands. Where the heat is least the air is unexpanded and heavy. Both the hot and the cold air have weight, but the cold, being the heavier, is drawn more effectively down to the ground. In doing so it drives the lighter air up out of its way, just as a lump of lead dropped into a pail of water forces some of the water upward. If the earth were equally warm at every part and continued at a constant temperature wind could not exist. It "blows" because of heat and gravitation. In other words, air moves from the place where its weight or pressure is most toward the place where its weight or pressure is least.

STORIES OF ROSSINI.

His Dread of Thirteen and Friday and a Coincidence.

Rossini had scant patience with amateur composers. One such once accompanied the manuscript of his latest composition with a Stilton cheese, of which he knew Rossini to be fond. He hoped of course to have a letter praising his work. A letter came, but all it said was: "Thanks. I like the cheese very much."

When Rossini was rehearsing one of his operas in a small theater in Italy he noticed that the horn was out of tune.

"Who is that playing the horn in such an unholy way?" he demanded.

"It is I," said a tremulous voice.

"Ah, it is you, is it? Well, go right home." It was his own father.

Rossini's whimsicality extended even to his birthday. Having been born on Feb. 29, in leap year, he had of course a birthday only once in four years, and when he was seventy-two he facetiously invited his friends to celebrate his eighteenth birthday.

All his life he had a dread of the number thirteen, as well as of Fridays. He never would invite more than twelve to dinner, and once when he had fourteen he made sure of an understudy who would, at a moment's notice, have been ready to come should one guest have missed. And, though this was a double superstition, he died on Friday, Nov. 13.—New York Sun.

An Unforeseen Calamity.

In his own mind Abel Saunders was a man marked out by destiny for misfortune; in the minds of his neighbors it was a wonder that such a shiftless man got on as well as Abel did.

When he appeared at the door of the resident who had ordered a dozen eggs the night before he unfolded a much rumpled paper and took from it four eggs.

"That's all there is left o' what I started with," he said lugubriously. "If 't had been anybody but me they'd 've got here all right. But the four little holes that was in the bottom o' the bag—I saw 'em, but there wa'n't any one of 'em half big enough for an egg to come through—if they didn't all join together when I was most over here! If I hadn't 've been as spry as a man like me has to learn to be I couldn't have saved ye a single egg!"—Youth's Companion.

Gave the Tiger His Arm.

The late Sir Edward Bradford was a great figure in British official life, especially in the Indian service. Sir Edward was a splendid huntsman. Although possessing only one arm, he rode a most spirited horse. The occasion on which he lost his left arm furnishes an example of his presence of mind and the cool bravery which were his characteristic traits. He was out tiger shooting in the jungle when knocked down by a tiger. Instead of struggling with the animal, he permitted it to maul his arm so as to let one of his party shoot it.

Her Own Worst Worry.

"You say she worries herself unnecessarily over trifling things?" said one of two women who were speaking about the ways of another.

"Worries?" was the answer. "Why, she's more trouble to herself than a family of children!"—New York Sun.

Easy.

White—Have you any trouble in making both ends meet? Green—Not a bit. The end of my money and the end of the week always come at the same time.—Harper's Bazar.

All the Details.

Lawyer—Where did he kiss you? She—On the mouth, sir. Lawyer—Oh, no! Where were you? She—In his arms.—Variety Life.

It is a wise man who knows his own business, and it is a wiser man who thoroughly attends to it.—Wayland.

A Famous Kitchen.

"It was our good fortune to see at least one thing in Paris which the tourist knows nothing about," writes an American woman from that city. "Every one knows about the Tuileries and sees what is left of the historic pile, but not many find their way to the kitchen from which the elect of the third empire were served, as we did. It lies under the Pavilion de Flora. Its high arched ceiling resting on massive columns. It is divided into many sections, at the entrance to each of which there is a sign—gold on marble. Here we see 'Rotisserie,' 'Patisserie,' 'Section aux Sauces,' etc. The provisions for washing gold, silver and porcelain services, the tremendous roasting, boiling and broiling arrangements, the extra roast beef oven, six meters high and seven meters broad; a roaster with a capacity for six sheep and four dozen chickens all looked extra large and imposing to us, who manage to worry along in a flat kitchen, which has two things, however, which we could not find in Napoleon's dinner factory—electric light and a battery of washtubs."

Her Sound Advice.

The prominent citizen and favorite son sat at his desk, deeply immersed in the cares of his wide affairs. A delegation of party leaders was ushered in.

"Sir," said the spokesman, "you have been unanimously chosen as the party's candidate for governor of the state. Under present conditions a nomination is tantamount to election, and we urge your acceptance. The office seeks the man."

"Gentlemen," said the favorite son, "I am profoundly impressed by the honor done me, but before I accept I must consult my wife. I never take a decisive step without consulting my wife."

The committee bowed and withdrew.

At home the favorite son confided the circumstances to his wife, who listened with fond pride and wifely admiration.

"And now," he said in conclusion, "what would you advise me to do?"

"John," she said, "you must get your hair trimmed."—Savannah News.

Uncle Sam's Eagle.

The eagle is the king of birds, the lord of the sky, the bravest, noblest and most independent of the feathered tribe, and probably that is the reason why he was adopted as our national bird. His image holds its place upon our national coat of arms by sheer merit and not merely from empty sentiment. The noble bird, loving liberty, scorning confinement, at home and at his best only when invested with the wide freedom of the glorious heavens, is the fit emblem of the "spirit of '76" and of the government that that spirit won and established on the earth. Other peoples entertain the same high opinion of the eagle, since from the time of the institution of the Roman standard straight down to the present day he has appeared as a conspicuous figure in the heraldry of the nations.—New York American.

Too Pretty a Lake For That.

"China gave me many a shock," said the returned traveler, "but the one that nearly carried me off was administered in the Fuchau district. Out in the country I came across a beautiful little lake drained by a beautiful little river. The scenery was marred somewhat, however, by signs stuck up every few yards at the edge of the lake. I wondered what their import was, and on one of my trips to the lake I took a missionary friend along to translate.

"'Oh, that,' said he. 'There are not many of them left in this district. That is a warning that girls must not be drowned in this lake.'

"Somehow I could never admire my beautiful lake so much after that, although maybe I ought to have admired it more."—New York Press.

Ponies and Horses.

I have been asked a great many times if ponies are really more intelligent than full sized horses. They certainly appear to be. But the intelligence of any horse will develop under petting and human companionship, and there is no doubt that other horses, if given the same privileges that ponies enjoy and if their size admitted of their being handled and managed in the same way, would prove equally intelligent.—Outing.

Sheer Waste.

Wife—John, is there any poison in the house? Husband—Yes. But why do you ask? Wife—I want to sprinkle some on this piece of angel cake and put it where the mice will get it. Wouldn't that kill them? Husband—Sure, but it isn't necessary to waste the poison.

Stretches Politeness.

The Duchess of Blankshire (who has made a poor drive)—A little too much to the right, I'm afraid. Obsequious Professor (who is instructing the Duchess)—Oh, not at all, your grace; the hole has been cut too much to the left.—Golf Illustrated.

Variety.

Blobbs—I never knew a woman so changeable as Mrs. Dashaway.

Slobbs—I know it. She never even wears the same complexion twice.—Philadelphia Record.

One Way.

Wigwag—I never knew such a fellow as Bjones! He is always looking for trouble. Henpecke—Then why doesn't he get married?

There's nothing half so good as laughing. Never sigh when you can sing.—Mackwarth Praed.

DEATH BY FALLING.

Pain and Fear Seem to Have No Place in the Ordeal.

It is difficult to imagine a more horrible accident than falling with an airship, yet in the opinion of a German psychologist, Fritz Kahn, death resulting from such a fall is not exceptionally painful, says the New York Evening Post. He argues that it is likely to be met in a state of indifference or even an agreeable half conscious condition of mind. He witnessed the fall of Heim—a fall which lasted a number of seconds, as the airship fluttered to and fro like a piece of paper before the final descent. The distance was about eighty yards. On recovering consciousness after several days Heim remembered only the ascent. Everything between that and his awakening in the hospital was a blank.

Mountain climbers have had similar experiences. A French geologist who fell over a precipice attests that he swooned and never knew what happened. Whymper, on the other hand, remained fully conscious when he fell on the Matterhorn. Bounding from rock to rock, he calculated the intervals between the shocks, wondered how long he could stand it, felt no pain and came to the conclusion that death through a fall must be one of the least disagreeable ways of ending one's life. A boy of eight who fell twenty-two yards declared that his only thought was that he might lose his new pocketknife.

At a meeting of the Swiss Alpine club the geologist Heim described his feelings during a fall. His first thought was that now he would be unable to deliver the address he had promised; then he thought of the effect on his family of the news of his death. He wanted to take off his spectacles to save his eyes from being damaged by broken glass. Various scenes from his past life flitted across his consciousness in rapid succession. There was no fear, no pain, but rather an agreeable state of mind, like that which is brought on by soft music.

RADIUM RAYS.

Their Velocity the Highest Known Speed of Matter in Motion.

The earth travels in its orbit round the sun nineteen miles a second. The sun itself, like all the other stars, has its own proper motion through space. Some authorities have calculated its speed at twelve miles a second. A few stars move more slowly than this, others much more rapidly. Arcturus maintains a speed of not less than 100 miles a second, and the star called "Groombridge 1830" travels 150 miles in the same brief time.

But the speeds of the heavenly bodies are slow compared with the motions of the tiniest known particles of matter. The sun would seem to stand still could we compare its velocity with that of the radium "rays." These radiations are produced by successive explosions of tiny groups of the tiny atoms of radium. The "alpha rays," being themselves infinitesimal fragments of matter, are thrown out with a velocity of perhaps 12,000 miles a second. The "beta rays" travel still faster.

In the emanations of this wonderful radium we find the highest known speed of matter in motion. At 12,000 miles a second it would take little more than two seconds for a particle of matter to travel all the way round the earth. Look at your watch and note the duration of two seconds; then imagine that in a chariot drawn by "alpha rays" you have been round the world. There is hardly time in two seconds for you to think the journey.

The highest measured speed, however, is not the speed of matter, but the speed of that etheric vibration which we call light. And light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles a second.—Youth's Companion.

"The Thunderer."

It was the mud flinging of an earlier mode of travel than the motorbus that gave the London Times its nickname of "The Thunderer." Two ladies at Kew had been splashed by an unmannerly horseman passing them too closely, and the Times came out with a strong leader alleging the offender to have been the Duke of Cumberland. In due course it was found that the horseman was not the duke, and in a further article by way of apology the Times used the words "We thundered out," an expression that so tickled the public that the name of "Thunderer" was bestowed on the paper forthwith.

A Notable Statue.

In the beautiful city of Buenos Aires is perhaps the only statue in the world erected by white men to a negro. This is the statue of Falucho, a negro soldier who refused to haul down the Argentine flag at the bidding of the Spanish soldiery during the first Argentine revolution and was shot down by the Spanish.

The Last Word.

"What's the first word in the dictionary?" asked the student.

"The article 'a,' of course," replied Mr. Growcher.

"And what's the last word?"

"Ask my wife. She's an expert on the subject."—Washington Star.

His Chief Anxiety.

Defendant's Wife—Don't worry, dear. The judge's charge was certainly in your favor. Defendant (moodily)—I know that. It's the lawyer's charge that I'm thinking about.—Boston Transcript.

No life is so strong and complete but it yearns for the smile of a friend.—Wallace Bruce.